

what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

*Luci.* How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

*Luci.* What a strange case was that? Now before the Gods I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was verie little Honour shew'd in't. For my owne part, I must needs confesse, I haue receyued some small kindneses from him, as Moncy, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee mistooke him, and sent to me, I should ne're haue denied his Occasion so many Talents.

*Enter Seruilus.*

*Seru.* See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue swer to see his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

*Luci.* *Seruilius*? You are kindly met sir. Farthwell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my verie exquisite Friend.

*Seru.* May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent —

*Luci.* Ha? what ha's he sent? I am so much endeered to that Lord; hee's euer sending; how shall I thank him think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

*Seru.* Has onely sent his present Occasion now my Lord: requesting your Lordship to supply his instant vse with so many Talents.

*Luci.* I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

*Seru.* But in the mean time he wants lesse my Lord. If his occasion were not vertuous,

I should not vrge it halfe so faithfully.

*Luci.* Dost thou speake seriously *Seruilius*?

*Seru.* Vpon my soule 'tis true Sir.

*Luci.* What a wicked Beast was I to disfigure my self against such a good time, when I might ha shewn my selfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I shold Purchase the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? *Seruilius*, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more heast I say) I was sending to vse Lord *Timon* my selfe, these Gentlemen can witness; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the fairest of mee, because I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good *Seruilius*, will you befriend mee so farre, as to vse mine owne words to him?

*Ser.* Yes sir, I shall.

*Exit Seruil.*

*Luci.* He looke you out a good turne *Seruilius*.

True as you said, *Timon* is shrunke indeede, And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede.

*Exit.*

1 Do you obserue this *Hofilius*?

2 I, to well.

1 Why this is the worlds soule,

And iust of the same peece

Is euery Flatterers sport: who can call him his Friend

That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing

*Timon* has bin this Lords Father,

And kept his credit with his purse:

Supported his estate, nay *Timons* money

Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinke,

But *Timons* Siluer treads vpon his Lip,

And yet, oh see the monstrousnesse of man,

When he looks out in an vgratefull shape;

He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men afford to Beggars.

3 Religion grones at it.

1 For mine owne part, I neuer tasted *Timon* in my life

Nor came any of his bounties ouer me,

To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest,

For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue,

And Honourable Carriage,

Had his necessity made vse of me,

I would haue put my wealth into Donation,

And the best halfe should haue return'd to him,

So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue,

Men must learne now with pittie to dispence,

For Policy sits aboue Conscience.

*Exit.*

*Enter a third seruant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.*

*Semp.* Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.

'Boue all others?

He might haue tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,

And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,

Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these

Owes their estates vnto him.

*Ser.* My Lord,

They haue all bin touch'd, and found Base-Mettle,

For they haue all denied him.

*Semp.* How? Haue they deny'de him?

Has *Ventidius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him,

And does he send to me? Three? Humh?

It shewes but little loue, or iudgement in him.

Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Physicians)

Thriue, giue him ouer: Must I take th' Cure vpon me?

Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,

That might haue knowne my place. I see no sense for't,

But his Occasions might haue wooed me first:

For in my conscience, I was the first man

That ere receiued guift from him.

And does he thinke so backwardly of me now,

That he requite it last? No:

So it may proue an Argument of Laughter

To th'rest, and 'mongst Lords be thought a Foole;

I'de rather then the worth of thrice the summe,

Had sent to me first, but for my mindes sake:

I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returns,

And with their faint reply, this answer ioynes;

Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne. *Exit.*

*Ser.* Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the

diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Poli-

ticke; he crossed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but

in the end, the Villanies of man will ser him cleere. How

fairly this Lord striues to appeare soule? Takes Vertu-

ous Copies to be wicked: like those, that vnder hott ear-

dent zeale, would set whole Realmes on fire, of such a na-

ture is his politike loue.

This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled

Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,

Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards

Many a bounteous yeere, must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their Master:

And this is all a liberall course allowes,

Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keepe his house. *Exit.*

*Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to*

*wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius*

*and Hortensius.*

*Var. man.* Well met, goodmorrow *Titus* & *Hortensius*

*Titus*

*Tit.* The like to you kinde *Varro*.

*Hort.* *Lucius*, what do we meet together?

*Luci.* I, and I thinke one businesse do's command vs all.

For mine is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs, and ours.

*Enter Philotus.*

*Luci.* And sir *Philotus* too.

*Phil.* Good day at once.

*Luci.* Welcome good Brother.

What do you thinke the houre?

*Phil.* Labouring for Nine.

*Luci.* So much?

*Phil.* Is not my Lord scene yet?

*Luci.* Not yet.

*Phil.* I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seauen.

*Luci.* I, but the dayes are waxt shorter with him:

You must consider, that a Prodigall course

Like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I feare:

'Tis deepest Winter in Lord *Timons* purse, that is: One

may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.

*Phil.* I am of your feare, for that.

*Tit.* He shew you how 't obserue a strange euent:

Your Lord sends now for Money?

*Hort.* Most true, he doe's.

*Tit.* And he weares Jewels now of *Timons* guift,

For which I waite for money.

*Hort.* It is against my heart.

*Luci.* Marke how strange it shewes,

*Timon* in this, should pay more then he owes:

And e'ne as if your Lord should weare rich Jewels,

And send for money for 'em.

*Hort.* I'me weary of this Charge,

The Gods can witness:

I know my Lord hath spent of *Timons* wealth,

And now Ingratitude, makes it worse then stealth.

*Varro.* Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes:

What's yours?

*Luci.* Five thousand mine.

*Varro.* 'Tis much deepe, and it should seem by th' sum

Your Masters confidence was about mine,

Else surely his had equall'd.

*Enter Flaminius.*

*Tit.* One of Lord *Timons* men.

*Luci.* *Flaminius*? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie

to come forth?

*Flam.* No, indeed he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too

*Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled (diligent).*

*Luci.* Ha: is not that his Steward muffled so?

He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you heare, sir?

2 *Varro.* By your leaue, sir.

*Stew.* What do ye aske of me, my Friend.

*Tit.* We waite for certaine Money heere, sir.

*Stew.* I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,

'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your summes and Billes

When your false Masters care of my Lords meat?

Then they could smile, and fawne vpon his debts,

And take downe th' Interest into their glutt'nous Mawes,

You do your selues but wrong, to stirre me vp,

Let me passe quietly:

Beleeue't, my Lord and I haue made an end,

I haue no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luci.* I, but this answer will not serue.

*Stew.* If't will not serue, 'tis not so base as you, For you serue Knaues.

1 *Varro.* How? What does his casheer'd Worship mutter?

2 *Varro.* No matter what, 'hee's poore, and that's reuenge enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that has no house to put his head in? Such may rayle against great buildings.

*Enter Seruilus.*

*Tit.* Oh heere's *Seruilius*: now wee shall know some answers.

*Seru.* If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repayre some other houre, I should deriue much from't. For tak't of my soule, my Lord leanes wondrously to discontent: His comfortable temper has forooke him, he's much out of health, and keeps his Chamber.

*Luci.* Many do keepe their Chambers, are not sicke: And if it be so farre beyond his health,

Me thinks he should the sooner pay his debts,

And make a cleere way to the Gods.

*Seru.* Good Gods.

*Titus.* We cannot take this for answer, sir.

*Flaminius within.* *Seruilius* helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

*Enter Timon in a rage.*

*Tim.* What, are my dores oppos'd against my passage?

Haue I bin euer free, and must my house

Be my retentive Enemy? My Gaole?

The place which I haue Feasted, does it now

(Like all Mankinde) shew me an Iron heart?

*Luci.* Put in now *Titus*.

7 *Tit.* My Lord, heere is my Bill.

*Luci.* Here's mine.

1 *Var.* And mine, my Lord.

2 *Var.* And ours, my Lord.

*Philo.* All our Billes.

*Tim.* Knocke me downe with 'em, cleaue mee to the

Girdle.

*Luci.* Alas, my Lord.

*Tim.* Cut my heart in summes.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty Talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luci.* Five thousand Crownes, my Lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops payes that.

What yours? and yours?

1 *Var.* My Lord.

2 *Var.* My Lord.

*Tim.* Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you.

*Exit Timon.*

*Hort.* Faith I perceiue our Masters may throwe their caps at their money, these debts may well be call'd despe-

rate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

*Exit.*

*Enter Timon.*

*Timon.* They haue e'ne put my breath from mee the

slauers. Creditors? Diuels.

*Stew.* My deere Lord.

*Tim.* What if it should be so?

*Stew.* My Lord.

*Tim.* He haue it so. My Steward?

*Stew.* Heere my Lord.

*Tim.* So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe;

*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Philotus:* All,

He once more feast the Rascals.

*Stew.* O my Lord, you onely speake from your distra-

cted soule; there's not so much left to, furnish out a mo-

derate Table.

*Timon.*